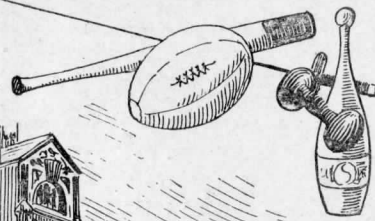


THE COLUMBIAN CALL



Robinson
98

Vol. III.

Washington, D. C., May 3, 1898.

No. 12.



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The Columbian Call

WASHINGTON, D. C., MAY 3, 1898.

OVER THE ROUTE OF HUCKLEBERRY FINN.

BY J. A. P.

A gloomy evening it was in St. Louis, Mo., when, with a satchel that looked as if it had been lugged through a couple of wars and dozens of train wrecks, I slid down the slimy cobblestones along the river front and into a long flat-boat that served as a floating warehouse and "tie-to" for the vessels of the famous "Anchor Line." I bought my ticket, entitling me to a first-class berth and provender for the journey, then surveyed from the deck the harbor of St. Louis. Some may sneeze when I say harbor, yet if the tumbling, turbulent torrent that leaps out of the Rockies and hurries down to join the Gulf Stream with its millions of cubic yards of earth, is not capable of producing a body of water at St. Louis that will float boats, and sometimes cities, I'll consent to be called a liar. But the fact remains that it does, that it has for a long time, and is likely to for a long time to come. It kept St. Louis people so busy trying to see how to get across without wet feet that they at last built two bridges.

From the deck I noted the bridge carefully. It was twilight, and suddenly the electric lamps flashed out and brought it into plain view against the reddish western sky. It is a magnificent structure, a triumph of man, and a monument to the famous Captain Eads. But 'twas not there when Huckleberry Finn, tired of the alluring charms of home life in a country town, is supposed to have embarked on that perilous voyage down the Mississippi. 'Twas not there either, when "Mark Twain, Pilot," then in the employ of a steamboat company, was making his trips up and down the river with the regularity of a slow train.

But night had come on, and with it the hour for departure, when, wonder of wonders, the boat left on time.

I will not describe the music of churned waters as they splashed the sides of the wheel house, nor will I attempt to describe the throbbing of the engines heart in the absurd fashion of our friend Rudyard Kipling—I don't believe in any such foolishness, yet I must

admit there is something fearfully solemn in the swish, swish, of the waters, and the monotonous swell and lull of the noises from the engine rooms. That is, when you connect it all with the fact that like Huckleberry Finn, you are going down through the darkness, you may be going down to death.

Huckleberry didn't have any pilot; I had one and likely a good one.

Mr. Clements was a "cub" pilot, and has told better than I can tell how much grit it takes to learn the changeable temperament of the river's channels, and stick to the wheel through all, just as the cobbler sticks to his last.

When morning came on I mended my constitution with a steamboat breakfast. To a hungry man there is no more pleasing spectacle than a steamboat breakfast. How a fellow without an appetite would like the sight of one I cannot say, I never saw or heard of any one on a Mississippi River steamboat who didn't have an appetite for almost anything.

Huckleberry must have had a fine time gazing out over the Illinois prairies. They were nice, level, black, mucky lands, and no doubt will be thickly settled within the next two hundred years—I have no doubt of it whatever.

Along the shores which were falling into the river at frequent intervals, log huts and shanties, built by the river folks, were scattered. Ragged children waved at us as we passed, and their shrill, piping childish cries and hellos came to us frequently from the shores. At a landing here and there, where a large part of the county's population assembled, numerous prototypes of Huckleberry were to be seen, and long, lean, sneaking coons, like Jim, hatless and coatless were killing time, standing around the end of the gang plank, and getting in the way of the "rousters" putting off goods for the country merchant. Let me say right here if an author is hunting for interesting material for romance that is romance, for daring that is daring, for nobility of character and action, he can find them along the river, with that never failing consort of them all, villainy. The trait of humanity that leads them toward this last is a peculiar one and plays a great part in the history of the river towns. Unprotected by

and cut off from the railroad, telegraph and telephone comforts, that herald the advent of fugitives from justice in more fortunate communities, the river towns have many undesirable citizens who happened to drop in without an invitation, or letters of credit, and whose past life is indeed a closed volume. Many tourists on the "Father of Waters" may remember that they encountered some difficulty in getting at the early history of some little town sitting away back up in the hills of Missouri, because the memory of the particular quaint specimen questioned was poor, beyond a certain date previous to his "steamboatin."

It was almost noon, next day, when we passed a community on the eastern shore, thickly settled it seemed and with many of the modern improvements. The center of interest among these was the state penitentiary of Illinois, a gray stone structure outlined against the hills. How many "Huckleberries" have landed there after a life of hardship on the river? A stout man with long beard, pleasant face though red nose, a slouch hat and a lawyers gab came into the pilot house. He had just taken the boat at Chester and was on the lookout for a runaway convict. He questioned the pilot closely as to whether he had seen "a dark skinned coon" in a row boat painted green with a regulation white and black zebra combination suit on.

The pilot said no, and we watched the sand bars, and fishers sitting in the bends for hours but no "coon." At last, toward evening, in a little cove just north of a clump of houses called Barker's landing, on the Missouri side, with a field glass a green boat could be seen, hauled up against a pile of brush. If the fool nigger hadn't been so verdant as to select the particular shade of gaudy green that he did, like as not it would never have been descried. But the boat steamed around up stream and let the exponent of the law take a few men and row away toward the cove.

He came back with the coon in half an hour, but the zebra suit—it wan't zebra any more—he had painted it brown, and as he stood in the center of a curious group, the fresh paint glistening and trickling down the pantaloons that belonged to the state of Illinois, a more pitiable spectacle I never wish to see. He looked for a place to sit down—a bale of goods was near loosely covered with bagging.

"Don't sit down there," yelled the first mate from the deck above, "thout you take off your clothes."

The negro turned his dazed face up and raising his handcuffed hands to his breast questioned his captors:

"Boss, does you spec dey'll sasinate me!"
"No! they'll double your time," was the answer.

"Is yo sure dat's all, Captain?"

"Aint that enough?" the official replied.

"Well, I gets my feed for nuffin," he said in a satisfied air.

"What is your name," I asked.

"Jim Smothers. Don' no what it'll be when I git out."

Jim—a veritable consort for Huckleberry. How true Mr. Clements had painted all. There is a pathetic side to the humor that pleased us years ago, that will deepen as the river loses its charm, and the steamboat with its sweet toned voice shall cease to call the waiting voyagers to the landing place.

But 'twas not far from Cairo, in the Egyptian part of Illinois, that a little settlement was reached and the identical "Huckleberry" of twenty years ago sat upon the end of a large pole and dangled his bare feet over the tumbling currents of the river below.

"Git offn there, youll fall off," called out one of those keepers of small boys.

"What's it to you?" the slender youth replied.

The answer seemed to satisfy the spoken to, and he walked down the deck.

"Do you live here," I asked.

"No, I lives up the river bout fifty miles," he remarked carelessly as the boat waves began to shake the submerged part of the barge paddle round, carrying him and pole with it.

"What are you doing down here," I asked.

"I runned off from home cause daddy licked me, I don't like home nohow, don't think I'll ever go back."

"How do you live?"

"Well, I fishes and sells the fish; don't never steal anything off any body elses trot lines, taint square, is it?"

I told him I didn't think so, and interrogated further:

"What's your name?"

"What you want to know for?"

"Why I'm glad to meet you."

"Sure? My names Tim Lovelace, steamboat drummer that comes down here from St. Louis calls me Huckleberry Finn, guess its cause I'm a huckleberry when it comes to fishing."

He didn't say a word more, but slid down the pole into the barge and jumped from plank to plank until he gained the shore.

And if anyone doubts that the bushes along the Mississippi are not full of Huckleberries, such as this one, I advise him to take a steamboat ride from St. Louis to New Orleans. It

A COWARD—OR NOT?

Somewhere in the State of Arizona stretches a long, level and barren plain, broken in the east by high thickly wooded mountains. Between two of the mountains is a deep and narrow ravine with tall trees and seemingly impenetrable underbrush on either side.

The noonday sun shone in all its fierce brightness one day in August, as two young soldiers galloped across the hot, sandy stretch toward the mountain. Reaching the ravine, they threw themselves from the tired horses to the ground.

One man was a blonde with light brown hair and mustache, bright blue eyes and gay demeanor; the other had a dark, olive complexion, curly black hair and black eyes, but his manner and voice contrasted greatly with that of his brother officer and made him appear several years older, though, in truth, both were about the same age.

"I say, Denton," exclaimed the dark one, whose uniform, like that of his companion, showed him to be a lieutenant, "do you think the Navajos have really buried the hatchet?"

"Of course. We haven't heard from them for two months. There's not the slightest danger. Afraid, Danforth?"

Danforth flushed angrily, but repressing what evidently he would like to have said, replied, "No. But as you well know, the message you have is important and delays are always dangerous. 'Twould be better not to delay here."

"Yes?" answered Denton with a sneer which the other pretended not to observe. "Well, we'll rest for a few minutes. I'm really tired. Fifteen miles at a gallop under a sun like this would tire anyone." So both, after having refreshed themselves with water from the small stream and food from their knapsacks, cast themselves under the trees.

Denton was a great favorite at the post on account of his bravery and noble qualities. Danforth had been equally as popular, but was now looked upon with ill-concealed contempt by all. A couple of years before he had led a scouting expedition which was caught in ambush and the soldiers that returned declared that he had acted with the utmost cowardice, but as there had been no officer with him, he escaped a court-martial. Why he never left the army no one knew. Perhaps he wished in some way to retrieve his reputation. At any rate he had never been the same man since.

Neither seemed inclined to conversation, and after a half hour of silence, they remounted, and, now galloping, now trotting, they rode the remaining twenty miles of their

journey. Having delivered the message, rested themselves, and procured fresh horses, they started late in the afternoon on their return.

"That horse of yours is a regular racer!" exclaimed Denton, as they rode side by side at a brisk trot.

"How long is the road that leads over the mountain?" inquired Danforth, not noticing the exclamation.

"Forty-five miles from fort to fort, I believe."

"Suppose we go that way."

"Ten miles more? No thanks," answered Denton.

Nothing more was said till the gorge was reached, when Danforth, riding close to his companion, said in a whisper, "Did you see that?"

"That? What?"

"As I live," said Danforth, "if I saw one I saw half a dozen Indians among those trees."

"Fudge?" said Denton, and then he added, "Danforth, although your looks deny it, by your words one would naturally agree with the garrison that —" but a side glance at Danforth's stopped him. It was painfully contracted, the veins of the forehead seemed ready to burst, but the expression was of sorrow rather than anger. He said nothing. As they entered the ravine nothing unusual was seen, although both kept a sharp watch.

They were almost through, and a feeling of greater security had taken possession of both when the sharp shrill cry of the Navajos rent the air and they were surrounded by Indians. Fortunately but two of the redskins had firearms and none, apparently, had horses. Simultaneously Denton and Danforth discharged their pistols at those in front and made a dash for safety, Denton slightly in advance. Then two reports sounded, and Denton's arms relaxed their hold on the reins and he would have fallen but for Danforth. Catching the reins of Denton's horse in one hand, with the other he helped him to perform that feat in which the cavalry men are always drilled—the feat of jumping from his own horse behind another soldier while the animals are at full speed. But instead of behind, Danforth managed to get his wounded companion in front. All the while bullets and arrows whizzed around them till it seemed nothing short of miraculous that none took effect. The horse reached the end of the pass and then that long stretch of plain lay before him.

Danforth, with his arms around Denton, who was unconscious from loss of blood, grasped the reins more tightly and urged the horse on. Looking back for one brief second,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 188.)

The Columbian Call.

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Advertising rates made known on application.*

TUESDAY, MAY 3, 1898.

The CALL finds itself in an embarrassing position. Having declared that we would have a ball team and an athletic park, it hesitates to declare itself a prevaricator, but such is nevertheless the case. We are advised that the management of the ball team suggested to the faculty that it would be advisable to let the matter go over until next fall. We do not approve of this delay, linger and wait policy, but suppose we will have to submit to the inevitable. No obstacles should be allowed to stand in the way next fall, however.

Excitement over war news and the examinations, which are upon us, is telling on our nervous system, but we hope to survive. This is indeed a history making period and many amusing scenes might be recorded as well as some of a more serious character. In the Law department for instance, a student places one of the "yellow" newspapers un-

der the lecturer's desk and as most of the type is large enough to be seen from any part of the room the students divide their attention between the two sources of information.

The series of Sunday afternoon lectures offer only two more lectures during the term. The one next Sunday by Rev. S. M. Newman, on the "Unity of Life," and on May 15, by Mr. Tracy L. Jeffords, on "Integrity of Thinking." The lecture last Sunday by Mr. Justice Brewer, has been described as "the best of the series." It was really a remarkable lecture, tinged with the true feeling of the man. One would need to have had a heart of stone not to have responded in some degree to the heartfelt utterances of the lecturer, knowing of his great sorrow. We were much impressed, not only with the lecture, but also with the fact that it is indeed a great blessing to have such a man occupy a seat on the bench of the nation's court of last resort.

The result of the recent relay races ought to demonstrate to the satisfaction of every one that Columbian possesses, in the athletic line, some first class material, but unfortunately most of it is in the rough. Lack of interest appears to be the principal cause of complaint, as is shown by the fact that there were only five students out of 1,000 who were enough interested in the reputation of their University to try for the places on the track team.

The delay in getting out this issue was occasioned by our inability to secure the necessary amount of MSS. Our co-workers are all busy preparing for finals and other things, and at this writing (Thursday) we are still three pages short. The next issue will be several days late on account of examinations, but all copy should be handed in on or before May 17.

As there will be only two more issues of the CALL during this term, we take this opportunity to remind our readers that some of our subscribers have neglected to pay their subscriptions and to request that they do so in the shortest time possible.

THE UNDERGRADUATE'S DREAM.

SATURDAY NIGHT, MAY 14, 1898.

He tossed upon his fev'rish couch thro' all the
night's long hours,
His furrowed brow a clammy dew distilled like April
showers,
While thro' his weary, o'erwrought brain from which
all hope had flown,
A dread procession passed, the which none like was
ever known.

Fines, interesse termini's, disseisins, nudum pacts,
Estates upon condition subsequent, collateral facts,
Presumptiones juris et de jure, absque hocs,
Femes-covert ex delicto, deodands, Professor C—x.

Villeins regardant, posses comitatus, bonds and
notes,
Uxoras rapta et abducta, special pleas and botes,
Fee tails tacked on to socmen, mulier puisnes, bail
below,
Professor J—hns—n's awful "Why?," in quiz ex
adverso;

Creatures ferae naturae, volunteers and beasts of
plough
A chose in action to reduce all struggling are they
now,
King's benches, express color, set-offs, chattels real
and grants,
Maids not of sound discretion proved rigged out in
baggy pants;

Remainder men astride of interpleaders on the jump,
On, on they come, a motley throng, Oh, how his
head does thump,
Presumptive heirs, mortmaines and feuds, fees quali-
fied or base,
Similiters and latitats all stuffed in Shelly's case;

Old General Issue, several Counts, Queen Ann in
rusty tights,
(He watched for Blackstone that he might cut out
his ancient lights)
Lord Chancellors, decrees in rem, and changes of
venue,
Oh, can't this charter-party e'er be stopped in
transitu?

Defective-executed pow'rs and eke new trials, torts,
Monsters on bicycles and socage gnardians in co-
horts,
Per quod servitium amisits, with idiots following
fast,
"Too much, too much, Oh Lord," he gasps, "how
long is this to last?"

CANTO II.

His dream has changed and now behold Heav'n's
court in session 's seen,
Judge M—y on the judgment seat in robes of gol-
den sheen,
The heavenly hosts (all lawyers' ghosts) in force as-
sembled are,
Himself, a trembling wretch, in chains to plead is
brought to bar.

Grim Lucifer's sardonic mein adds terror to his
thought,
No earthly friend can help him now, to 's ropes-end
he is brought.
"Guilty or not?" Oh wretched one, his knees to-
gether smit,
No foll'w'rs there to wage his law nor clergy's
benefit;

"I've done my best," he falt'ring says, "Have
mercy, righteous Judge,"
The angel's filed a double plea, but Satan answered
"Fudge,
The record 's made, you can't impeach this solemn
res adju-
dicata, he's confess'd; besides extraneous proofs
wont do."

"He's failed, he's mine," 'gain spake the fiend,
with wild, exultant yell,
"What ho! my trident there!" he cried, "I'll fork
him into —*"
"Stay," quoth the Judge, with gracious smile, a
holy calm o'erspread
His countenance, while Satan shrank before that
presence dread.

"No judgment of this court was e'er successfully at-
tacked,
Collat'rally or otherwise, what *I* say, *goes*; Stand
back!
Release the pris'ner, cast his chains, the judgment 's
in arrest.
No man was ever damned for not doing better than
his best."

*Since going to press our exchange reader informs
us that asording to the Revised Version there's no
such place. The poet died, however, in great agony,
immediately after penning the last line, and we
have no power (coupled with sufficient interest in
the subject matter) to make the necessary correc-
tion.

TO SHOW HER TONGUE.

A pretty little French woman went into a
newspaper office and with a positive air passed
an advertisement through the window. The
clerk looked at it for a moment, smiled and
then said:

"The English is a little hit awkward, Miss.
Would you like to make any changes?"

The pretty little woman tossed her head.

"No, m'sieur. I zink I knows how to
write ze good Inglis."

The clerk smiled again.

"All right," and he watched the little
woman as she sailed out of the door. The
next morning the "ad." appeared:

PUPILS WANTED.—Mlle Marcotte respect-
fully announces that she wishes to show her
tongue to the young American ladies.—*Bos-
ton Budget*.

The faculty of Bucknell University have
passed an act prohibiting any student from
joining a fraternity until after he has com-
pleted the work of the freshman year. Class
fraternities are abolished.

He with the Coat—"How it rains! My
coat is literally soaked."

He with no Coat—"Mine is 'soaked' too."

University Gleanings.

We are at a loss to understand whether the government knows a good thing when she gets it, or not, but the fact remains that the military contingent of the Scientific School is back among us. We are nevertheless inclined to believe that our boys will still be sent to the front, first, because the CALL said they would, and what the CALL says is bound to happen; and second, because we are convinced that the war cannot be properly prosecuted without them. At any rate we are glad to welcome them back, even if it may prove only for a short time.

The grim god of war does not reign alone among us, but has, as usual, had to give place to that doughty little warrior, Cupid, as is manifested by the recent weddings among us, Lieut. Hayes, D. C. N. G., of the senior class, has been married to Miss O'Neal, who is also one of our students. Mr. R. B. Marine, junior class, has also taken upon himself the bonds of matrimony. We wish our fellow students a full measure of happiness.

The members of the committee are very mysterious about the senior class-pin, but give us to understand that they intend to surprise us with something extraordinary. We await the appearance with thrilling interest.

Professor Munroe has been called away by the government on business connected with the defence of New York harbor. Professor Munroe is the authority in the country on the subject of explosives and we rejoice at his well-deserved distinction.

A member of Professor Merrill's geology class informs us that the class has been out on the road breaking rocks. On investigation we find that they have not been resolved into any sort of chain gang, but have made a very enjoyable expedition out toward Glen Echo, where they obtained many useful specimens.

We have continued reason to congratulate ourselves that the Corcoran Society exists among us, as everybody who attended the meeting last Saturday will understand. The attendance was unusually large, the program was delightful and "The Examination" afforded no end of fun.

The sound of the trumpet calling to arms has found a ready echo in Columbian College. Fired by accounts of manifestations made by other colleges, a week or two ago, a number of students indulged in a patriotic demonstration on the college campus. At the noon

hour a large crowd of youthful patriots assembled around a pile of combustibles, which were set on fire while Mr. Preston B. Ray read a series of resolutions expressing our support of President McKinley and our condemnation of Spain. At the conclusion of the reading three Spanish flags were thrust into the bonfire and held there until entirely consumed, amidst frantic cheers from the students. Mr. J. Henry Altschu, '99, who has been suspected of a prejudice in favor of Spain, during the recent negotiations, was now carried into the yard and compelled to cheer for Cuba and the President, and was then mounted upon a trestle and borne around the campus with hilarious rejoicings. After these exhibitions of feeling the students quietly dispersed and the Dean decided that it was unnecessary to call out the National Guard for the preservation of order.

It is to be feared that the summoning of the District Militia will deprive Columbian College of several of its members. Mr. William Mitchell has already gone to join his regiment in Wisconsin, and several of his classmates will probably follow. If the faculty should take alarm in the diminution in attendance they can easily prevent further desertion by engaging some of the Enosinian poets to write funeral odes for those students who fall in defence of their country. No one would risk dying with the knowledge that an epitaph of this nature was to mark his final resting place.

Work on the College annual is progressing steadily. The board of editors is doing its best to bring out the book in time for commencement, and expect to succeed in their attempt. With a few unimportant exceptions the other students take a warm interest in the matter and are giving it moral and material support. In order to make a better appearance in the Columbiad, the various classes have all made a choice of colors, motto, yell, etc., and class histories have been written by competent persons. Some who feel that within them burns a spark of poetic genius are consuming the midnight oil in wild endeavors to find rhymes for doves, darts, etc. Everyone is anxiously waiting to see the result of their labors, which, it is hoped, will be a substantial monument to the greatness of active existence of Columbian.

One week from next Friday the Enosinian will hold its farewell meeting. An attractive program is to be provided, consisting of music, speeches, awarding of medals, and other features, followed by a banquet and grand eating match. Mr. Albert R. Stuart, '99,

has offered to meet any student in college in a contest to see who can eat the most. Mr. Stuart taking a handicap of two hot minces, and the loser to pay all bills. Mr. Stuart is spending all the time he can spare from his final examinations in training for the event, and will put up a stiff fight.

Our boys are home from the Philadelphia races, and despite their failure to win first place, everyone is proud of their fine showing. When one considers their gallant attempt, and remembers that they did their level best in the face of great obstacles, there should be no cause for despondency. Good work for Columbian and better luck next time.

One of the members of the faculty declares that the engagement on Sunday morning in Manilla harbor resulted in the utter annihilation of the American fleet. It seems to us that the Spanish government is allowing good material for a writer of dispatches to go to waste in the shape of a professor in Columbian College. Blanco needs no assistance, but the Spanish governor of the Philippines, who is such a chuckle-head idiot as to actually tell his home government that Spain has lost a battle, certainly does. We hope the Spaniards will realize their opportunity, that they will fix this gentlemen out as a privateer, with plenty of rapid fire fountain pens and an automatic victory producer and order him to the scene of action at once.

The College has secured a mascot in the shape of a chicken captured on the campus. Its introduction into the sacred precincts of the University has caused quite a stir. It has been placed on exhibition in the library. Several students have been detailed to construct a nest for the bird, and others are calculating the amount of revenue to be derived, figuring that it will not lay less than three eggs a day.

COMMENCEMENT PLANS.

Arrangements for the Commencement exercises are being perfected and from present plans students may rest assured that the Joint Commencement will be a pleasing innovation.

On Sunday, May 29th, President Whitman will deliver the Baccalaureat sermon, at Calvary Baptist Church, at 8 o'clock p. m. This will be the first time in the history of Columbian when graduating classes have had the pleasure of listening to a specially prepared sermon of this kind.

Dr. Munroe, the chairman of the Commencement Committee desires that students will submit designs for receptacles in which

the class diplomas may be placed. These receptacles will occupy prominent places on the front of the platform, and it is the wish of Dr. Munroe that they be handsome and if possible representative of the different departments.

Since the Joint Commencement was first talked of and the announcement was made that graduating students would be expected to appear in the regulation cap and gown, many adverse criticisms have been heard. Some few of the more liberal minded students favored the plan and declared their willingness to go to the expense of getting these new pieces of student furniture. Some have perhaps already done so, but those who have not and some few who have been on the anxious seat as to where and how they were to get them, will be glad to learn that the University authorities have finally disposed of the matter by announcing that they would furnish a cap and gown to each graduating student.

The Commencement exercises will be held at Convention Hall, on June 1. Full particulars as to program will be given in the next issue of the CALL.

THE SCHOOL BOY'S PSALM.

1. Rare is the student that walketh not crookedly up stairs; nor standeth in the way of others (in the aisle); nor sitteth in the seat which is in the back row.

2. But his delight is in his lesson which is long, that upon it he may meditate day and night.

3. He shall be as a walking dictionary petted by all the teachers, that knoweth all things when asked; his favoritism also shall not cease; and whatsoever he doeth he shall receive high marks.

4. The unstudious are not so, but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

5. Therefore the unstudious shall not stand in the examinations; nor dull ones in the congregation of the exempt.—*Boys World*.

Never permit yourself to ejaculate, "you ain't so warm;" just lisp softly, "the possibility of your presence raising the temperature of this room is infinitesimal." If you are convinced that your audience is inured to shocks and you desire to state that "the wind blew through his whiskers," impart it to them in the following manner: There was a deep, dire, doleful sighing of the wind thro' the epidermical attachments on the mandible bone of his physiognomy.—Ex.

PERPETUAL MOTION.

Nature is perpetual motion, and the only perpetual motion. The balancing of her forces one with another, is enough to satisfy the most rational school boy, rather than scientist, of the existence of a supreme being. The conservation of energy is the answer to all questions concerning this "balancing," but it does not prove that the power of running streams will not be perpetual, nor will it stop the wind, still the wave, cloud the sun or hold the temperature constant. These natural forces are perpetual motion exemplified—existing—and it is the business of the engineer to conquer these forces, and make them subservient to the ends of man. We have not reached the end of science—all will never be discovered.

The fool who predicts that we have discovered all will find himself in Lardner's predicament of having to eat his words concerning "steam craft," within ten years of the date he uttered them. These natural forces can be and have been subdued; water power is already subservient, and the winds are used. Mechanical contrivances, springs, etc., have been cast aside, as useless for producing more force than was expended in starting them. Crook's light engine or radiometer runs only in a vacuum, the University of Mississippi experiments on the retention of sunlight by sugar coated sheets gave no practical results—only interesting scientific ones.

Air motors are extensively used, but can be depended on only in connection with storage batteries. Tide machines for deriving power from the rise and fall of the tide, have been built, but cannot be economically used. In fact the whole field seems to have been worked over, with the exception of temperature engines—difference in temperature being used as a source of power in only two marketable products of the present day. The Cox Generator, an electric battery in reality, which recuperates itself on cooling, and the Jacques battery utilizing the chemical action of melted caustic soda upon a stick of carbon. (The original battery used is in the city post office building on G street.) We are driven to see that all the forces of nature have been worked upon by ingenious men. It remains to be seen whether we shall continue the work.

The strongest forces are wind and wave, light and heat being far beneath them in latent force. The use of running streams has already been carried to a high point of development. Why not each of the others?

Here are some interesting facts that have not been satisfactorily explained to me, that

furnish seemingly a vast field of experiment, as great as the Roentgen ray have opened.

The blowing of a trumpet has caused such violent vibrations in a bridge structure as to destroy it. The Keely motor developed one-twelfth horse power after being started by the harmonic vibration of a tightly drawn chord and a small tuning fork. (Report of Fransioli, general manager Manhattan Elevated R. R., New York City, 1896.)

Large bells have been broken by outside vibrations; glass vessels have been shattered by the human voice.

In Tyndall's work on heat he mentions the fact that vortex rings possess peculiar properties when projected through medium—assuming a force of propulsion far out of proportion with their initial velocity.

Tesla in his alternating currents received very efficient results with high frequency coils, the intervening atmosphere effecting little the transmission of the electric vibrators.

Thus within these facts we see plainly that there is a vibratory action that is beyond the ken of the scientist of to-day. Within this field lies perpetual motion if it be possible.

J. P. ALEXANDER.

THE RELAY RACES.

The annual relay races were held in Philadelphia on Saturday last. Our team consisted of W. C. Shannon and O. L. Meigs, of the Scientific School, Phil. Tindall, of the Law School and J. William Beatty, of the College.

The Columbian team after six weeks of hard and careful training under the experienced eye of Mr. Wm. Foley, of Georgetown, was scheduled to run in the third event on the program, against John Hopkins, St. Johns and the University of Maryland, the latter team failing to appear.

It is probably needless to state the result of the race—that Columbian came out second.

John Hopkins put in a 51 second man on the first lap, who took a lead of 60 yards of our man at the finish and about 35 yards of the St. Johns College man.

On the second lap, run by Tindall of the Law school there was no ground lost, the distance between the men at the finish being about the same as at the finish of the first lap.

Meigs, of the Scientific school, the third man, went around the track in excellent form, gaining about 15 yards on the second man.

Beatty, the fourth and last man, was evidently the one in whom all glory and hope of success rested. All eyes were fixed on him as he started his quarter about 30 yards behind

the second man. It was quite evident that John Hopkins would have first place. He could now only try to beat out the second man. Beatty had a hard man to catch and it appeared that our chance of even coming out second was quite hopeless until they passed the 300 yard line, when Beatty's admirable form and strength began to show, when he crawled up on his man, beating him out by about 3 yards.

John Hopkins first; Columbian second.

Too much credit cannot be accorded to Mr. Foley for bringing the team around in such fine form in such a comparatively short time. In fact his all pervading knowledge of track work can not be appreciated unless one works under his immediate instructions.

The relay races of next year will be looked forward to with pleasure and it is the sincere wish of the editor that the college should turn out in force so that we might find out our really good men.

The result of the relay races of this year surely does honor to the name of Columbian.

THE OLD CHURCH HYMNS.

When I hear the old hymns sung, over and over to-day, I recall the days when I sat in the little meeting house, and heard them for the first time. Many quaint pictures remain impressed upon my mind of the persons who were gathered together in that old building, and I shall never forget the songs as they sang them in their own whole souled way. It was not long before I formed the habit of associating one particular hymn with each of the members, and would try to sing them after the fashion of the persons to whom they really seemed to belong.

There was old Deacon Crosen, who always sat on the front bench, but whose voice seldom stayed in that vicinity. It frequently reached the boys and girls on the back bench to challenge them to beat it if they could. The Deacon's voice often proved its power farther than this, for whenever his favorite hymn, "I'm Glad Salvation's Free," was sung, it could not be confined in the one room, but would wander out to reach the passer by.

On the opposite bench from Crosen's sat Mr. Simpson, a man worn out before his time. He was one of the faithful few who were always in their places no matter what the weather might be. His life duty had been to support his mother and an invalid brother. It seemed natural that he should take frequent dozes during the services, for we know how tired he always was. Mr. Simpson never sang except when his favorite hymn was

given out, "There is Rest for the Weary," and the soothing effect it had upon him was always shown by the peaceful sleep which he enjoyed after the singing of it.

Miss Crook, one whom I thought perfect, was called a half hearted member because she was fond of fine dressing and had a "hankering for parties." I loved to hear her sweet voice in "Have we trials and temptations," and whenever I have heard it since I have thought of her. The beautiful face and cheerful smile, which were among her many attractions, led me to be among the "regulars" of the place. Who could have tired of gazing at her? It is easily understood that the white-washed walls, the wooden benches, and the squeaky organ held no fascination for the eye or ear of a child.

One man who was fond of going on sprees, was a special favorite of mine, the cause being his pockets generally were filled with candies for the restless children about him. We all called him Ben Rush, never Mr. Rush. No one respected him because he was such a hard drinker. Still we loved to have him among us. I hear him now singing with his sweet tenor voice, "O, 'Twas Love, 'Twas Wonderful Love."

There are many others, who whether dead or alive, still have their special hymns associated with them, but I will not mention them now. I never will forget the children as they were scattered among the audience. Their sweet voices sounded sweetest to me in the song, "I Have a Father in the Promise Land, If my Father calls me I must go to seek Him in the Promised Land." Many of those children have grown up to manhood and womanhood. Some have crossed over into the land of which they sang. But those who have talked to me lately of the days in the old house, where we were all one family, recall how they sang with such vim in the "children's song," as I call it.

How little we realize that each moment of our lives we are exerting an influence over those around us. None knew as they sang those songs in the old church home, that one among them would remember the favorite hymns of the persons who met there week after week; and more than this would never forget why those special hymns should so suit them.

A modest hint—There is a little matter that some of our advertisers and subscribers have seemingly forgotten. To us it is an important matter; it is necessary in our business. We are very modest and don't wish to speak about it.—Ex.

A COWARD—OR NOT.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 181.)

he saw that Denton's horse had been caught, and even as he looked, it was being mounted, and then he knew they would be pursued. It was to be an uneven race. In his position it was difficult to guide the horse, and then it had a double burden. He looked back again. Yes they were followed, but by two instead of one.

"Great heavens!" he thought, "we'll never get there!" And he spurred the horse on to still greater exertions. "Now, if they should fire with any sort of aim, I wouldn't give a fig for our chances." The thought seemed to anticipate the deed; the crack of a rifle not far behind was heard, and he felt a horrible pain in his left shoulder. He felt the blood trickling down and the pain grew worse. "If I were alone I could reach the fort, for Bet is, as Denton said, a 'regular racer.' If Denton were not—if I were alone—if—if" but he bit his lips and only held Denton tighter, while he urged Bet on.

The Indians had gained but slightly and it was evident that their horses could not be compared with Danforth's. The bullets were whistling dangerously near him, and Denton was leaning against the wounded shoulder. The distance seemed unending. He was becoming faint. "If I could but save him—if I could but save him," he kept on repeating. He could not see for the dust but he knew his pursuers were gaining. Surely, half the distance was past; yes, oh, yes, more than that!

Suddenly, a cry of rage, mingled with the noise of bullets, and the horse dropped with a broken leg. Danforth was beneath the horse. "It is all over," he thought, and became unconscious.

The next he knew was that he was lying in the sick ward at the fort, and the major was bending over him. "You brave boy!" he was saying, "Denton has told us all he knew, and those rascals we caught told the rest. Brave boy, I owe you an apology. Danforth, you are a hero."

The black eyes filled with tears as he murmured, "Thank God!" then they closed forever.—*Whims*.

Teacher—Tommy, express the same meaning in the following sentence in fewer words: "When Mr. Flood, accompanied by his wife and children, stopped the horse before his house he threw down the reins and alighted." Tommy—"The reins descended and the Floods came."

OUR EXCHANGES.

We give below a partial list of our exchanges. Lack of space and inclination forbids our making any lengthy criticisms, suffice it to say that good, bad and indifferent are represented. It is not the desire of the writer to be understood as not appreciating the result of the efforts of his fellows, on the contrary we have found our exchange list a source of inspiration and a help to us in the performance of our duties. Gladly do we welcome them, each and all, to our table, remembering, as we hope our friends do, that we have a common purpose and in success or failure we are one in spirit.

Sewanee Purple, Sewanee, Tenn.
Silver and Gold, Boulder, Colo.
The Cloverleaf, Lexington, Ky.
Whims, Seattle, Wash.
Harvard Crimson, Cambridge, Mass.
The Boys' World, Wichita, Kans.
The Cumberland, Lebanon, Tenn.
The Hermonite, Mt. Hermon, Mass.
Olive and Blue, New Orleans, La.
S. A. C. Lookout, Storrs, Conn.
The North Star, Grand Ledge, Mich.
Morsels, Milwaukee, Wis.
The Hustler, Nashville, Tenn.
The University Tribune, Syracuse, N. Y.
The Lowell, San Francisco, Cal.
The Public School Bulletin, Cincinnati, O.
The Evergreen, Pullman, Wash.
The Academy Weekly, Worcester, Mass.
The Record, Washington, D. C.
The Pingry Record, Elizabeth, N. J.
The Herald, Holyoke, Mass.
Bucknell Mirror, Lewisburg, Pa.
The Jabberwock, Boston.
The Catholic University Bulletin, Washington, D. C.
The Vermont Academy Life, Saxtons River, Vermont.
The St. Johns Collegian, Annapolis, Md.
The Breeze, Ashburnham, Mass.
The Wesleyan Advance, Salina, Kans.
Our Dumb Animals, Boston, Mass.
High School Bulletin, Mt. Clair, N. J.
The High School News, Chateaugay, N. Y.
The Recorder, Springfield, Mass.

At a mass meeting of Harvard students held last Wednesday night for the purpose of raising money to purchase a set of colors for the cruiser "Harvard," one hundred dollars more than the amount required was secured.

A BIRDS-EYE VIEW OF BREMEN.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST ISSUE.)

On the exterior it is a massive, gloomy, imposing, red brick, or rather a peculiar mixed brick edifice. The impression of it causes one to picture with the mind's eye, some of the old dignitaries striding to and fro, muffled in the long dark gowns—nor is this feeling expelled as one enters this ancient Lutheran gothic structure.

A monkish looking old man, carrying in one hand a huge ring of heavy keys, in the other a candle whose flickering rays shed a more ghastly appearance on the thick gray walls, conducted us past the chapel, dawn a long flight of dark steps to the "Bleikeller," or lead vault. This cellar derives its name from the fact that this portion of the building is located in a lead vein and a great deal of it is utilized in the flooring and walls. This has the singular property of preserving from putrefaction the dead bodies of kings and members of the nobility who were put in it.

On one side there are three huge windows, only the upper part of which extend above the ground, and through these come the only light that make the objects visible to the eye. In these are placed all sorts of animals, from the serpent to the dog, on which the dry air was experimented, away back in the middle ages. On the other side are long rows of well preserved open coffins. The bodies are in excellent condition and even the linen which lines the coffins, show no signs of decay. Of course the great part of the flesh is gone and the faces have no expression, or resemblance to the living, yet the skeleton is well covered. The skin is thick, hard and light brown in color, nor is there any fear of the bones crumbling, for when the chest bone of one of the bones was sounded by the clumsy hand of our guide, it did not even quiver, but yielded such a hollow noise that made the very blood seem to turn cold in our veins. In the center is a huge chest whose top is covered with masses of faded wreaths of flowers; in this, we were told, lay the body of the only person in the vault, who still has relatives living in the outside world. It is customary to open the coffins only after there is no longer any earthly connection.

We had been in this vault nearly ten minutes when it became impossible for us to converse with one another. Our throats and mouths were dry and the muscles of our tongues lost all power, and it seemed as if our tongues themselves cleaved to the roofs of our mouths. Such thoughts as come to one's mind as they view the sight before them! "I

pray the prayer of Plato of old, 'God make me beautiful within,'"—Whittier—so that when I "shuffle off this mortal coil," no one may say that I "flourished without fruit and was destroyed without regret."—Scott.

Thus in this city, where people are busily engaged in manufacturing, in commerce, in the education of their children, and in providing for the sick, the aged, and the helpless; in this city where all is life and energy, at least to those who know it well, there are some places which cause the hearts of the moody and despondent to grow heavy and where in the fullness of their sentiments they unconsciously murmur,

"Hail! thou goddess sage and holy!
Hail! divinest melancholy."—Milton.

JENNIE OTTENBERG.

[THE END.]

OVER THE ROUTE OF HUCKLEBERRY FINN.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 180.)

will open your eyes to a western civilization that is interesting, and you will likely see more people to the square inch that have never seen a railroad train, or been outside of a radius of five miles around their native heaths than you have ever thought existed in this glorious country of ours.

There is a chord of sympathy in our hearts for river life, a sensation of attachment comes over us for steamboats and boatmen, such I suppose as must exist with sea faring people. Mr. Clement's big heart that loves and thank Providence, is loved and appreciated by people in more than one country, has given us the best pictures we can ever hope to have of life on the great river in his "Huckleberry Finn," and other tales, so I will desist from further transgression on his sacred right of artist royal.

I must say in closing, however, that outside of the field of humor, Samuel L. Clemens is one of the greatest men of the age in literary work. His originality is a triumph in itself, did not his exquisite taste, unity of time, place, sentiment, and style, win for him fame. Among all the would be interesting writers of to-day, who impose upon the public stilted literature drawn up by rule of three and whose exceeding great depths require an unabridged dictionary, a mythological compendium, or a booklet on foreign phrases and idioms, to hoodwink P. T. Barnum's American public. Mark Twain can stand and like the Pharisee say, "I thank thee I am not like one of these."

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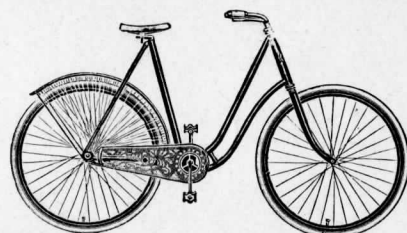
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